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Sanctius his animal, mentisq; capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cætera posſit. OVID.

IT has been hinted to me ſince the publication of my laſt-week's paper upon gardening, that while I am acknowledging the merit of the Great in making that ſcience uſeful to their poor neighbours and the public, I forget to make mention of thoſe liberal genius's, under whoſe immediate direction all theſe improvements are carried on, while their benevolent patrons are employed in other ſervices to their country in it's capital. And as I am never backward in doing juſtice to men of merit, I have devoted this paper to the celebration

celebration of the extenſive and various talents, which the almoſt-omniſcient profeſſors of gardening may ſo juſtly boaſt.

The good old Engliſh nobleman or country ſquire, whoſe delight was a garden, uſed to take from the tail of the plough a ſet of animals whom he conſidered as beings of the ſame order with thoſe who drew it; and ſetting them to work by the garden line, was far from thinking what they were to do could be of importance enough to require his attention; therefore leaving them to lean over their ſpades, and ſettle their ſeveral plans for poaching, wood-ſtealing, ſkittle-playing and pſalm-ſinging, he went and enjoyed himſelf with his dogs and horſes. But ſince we have laid aſide that plain and eaſy direction, "Follow the ſtrait line," and have in it's ſtead ſubſtituted that exceeding difficult one, "Follow nature," the above-mentioned animals have never been truſted a moment to themſelves, but have had a creature of a ſuperior kind ſet over them, whoſe office is beſt explained by the ſcolloping-wheel in the machines for turning, which is continually putting the others out of their courſe, and preventing them from making circles, or any other regular figures.

This office is of late grown ſo reſpectable, that the true adept in it may juſtly be ſtyled the high prieſt of nature. But it is not nature alone that he ſtudies; all arts are inveſtigated by his comprehenſive genius. He muſt be well acquainted with optics, hydroſtatics, mechanics, geometry, trigonometry, &c. and ſince it has been thought neceſſary to embelliſh rural ſcenes with all the varieties of architecture, from ſingle pillars and obeliſks, to bridges, ruins pavilions, and even caſtles and churches, it is not enough for our profeſſor to be as knowing

knowing as Solomon in all the ſpecies of vegetables, from the cedar of Lybanon to the hyſſop on the wall; he muſt alſo rival that monarch in building, as well as his other talents. A knowledge of optics enables him to turn every *deceptio viſus* to advantage. Hydroſtatics are moſt immediately neceſſary, ſince it is decreed that every place muſt have a piece of water: and as every piece of water muſt have a boat of a peculiar contrivance, mechanics come in to his aſſiſtance; and he is carried over the glaſſy ſurface by ſnakes, birds, dolphins, dragons, or whatever elſe he pleaſes. The application of trigonometry is obvious; and if our gardens continue to encreaſe in extent, in the ſame proportion that they have done lately, geometry will be ſoon called in, to meaſure a degree of the earth upon the great lawn. But ſuch extenſion of property cannot be acquired without a turn for the law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, forfeitures, ejectments and writs of *ad quod damnum*. Statuary and painting are ſiſter arts; but our general lover has poſſeſſed them both, in ſpite of their conſanguinity. And as for poetry, though he knows her to be the greateſt jilt in the univerſe, he has made an attempt upon her under every tree that has a broad ſtem and a ſmooth bark. A knowledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect of an inſcription; and Greek, Phænician, Tuſcan and Perſic are ornaments to a ruin.

HAPPY is the man of fortune who has ſuch a director to influence and guide his taſte, as the demon of Socrates is ſaid to have continually accompanied that philoſopher to regulate his morals. Milton very humourouſly deſcribes a man, who without having the inward call, was deſirous of being thought as religious as the reſt of his neighbours

neighbours of thoſe times. "This man, ſays he, "finds himſelf out ſome factor, to whoſe care and credit "he may commit the whole managing of his religious "affairs; ſome divine of note and eſtimation; and "makes the very perſon of that man his religion. He "entertains him, lodges him: his religion comes home "at night, prays, is liberally ſupped, and ſumptuouſly "laid to ſleep: riſes, is ſaluted, and after being well "breakfaſted, his religion walks abroad, and leaves his "kind entertainer in the ſhop, trading all day *without* "*his religion.*" Juſt in this manner does the mere man of faſhion in theſe times think it neceſſary to have a TASTE; but though he does not commonly carry his TASTE about with him, he is ſeldom ſo imprudent as to take any ſteps in his gardens *without his* TASTE.

IN an age ſo liberal of new names, it ſeems extraordinary that theſe univerſal connoiſſeurs have as yet obtained no title of honour or diſtinction. This may help me to crown their panegyric with a word on their modeſty; for to that alone muſt we attribute their having ſo long been without one; eſpecially as they might as eaſily have immortalized their own names, as any of the ancient ſages, who called their profeſſion after themſelves, the Pythagorean, Platonic or Epicurean philoſophy. Nor have they ſhewn leſs modeſty in their expectation of returns for their ineſtimable ſervices, as will appear upon a compariſon of their rewards with thoſe of the ancient artiſts.

MANDROCLES, who built the famous bridge over the Boſphorus, at the command of Darius, was rewarded by that monarch with a crown, and ten times the coſt of that expenſive undertaking. Whereas a tenth of the expence is reckoned a good modern

dern jobb; and no artiſt in our memory has aſpired to any higher honour than that of knighthood. The next great work we read of, was the canal of mount Athos; for which it was impoſſible that the director ſhould receive any other than an honorary reward, becauſe he died as ſoon as it was finiſhed. His name was Artachæus; he was in ſtature the talleſt of all the Perſians, and his voice ſtronger than that of any other man; two very uſeful accompliſhments in an overſeer and director of multitudes. Xerxes, truly ſenſible of his merit, buried him with great pomp and magnificence, employed his whole army in erecting a ſumptuous monument to his memory, and by direction of an oracle, honoured him as a hero with ſacrifices and invocations.

How different from this was the treatment of our countryman captain Perry! A genius whoſe remembrance muſt make this nation both proud and aſhamed. His performances are ſufficient to give credit to the works abovementioned, which before appeared fabulous. But what was his reward for projecting the junction of the Don and the Volga? For creating an artificial tide, and floating or laying dry the largeſt veſſels in a few hours? But rather let me aſk what was his reward for that national work at home, the ſtopping Daggenham breach? I am ſorry to anſwer, that he was perſecuted and ſuffered to ſtarve, for the Debts he had contracted in accompliſhing an undertaking ſo eſſential to the commerce of this kingdom, and the exiſtence of it's metropolis.

I HOPE our men of fortune will make more generous returns to thoſe who adminiſter ſo eſſentially to their pleaſures: and I would have them diſtinguiſh between thoſe dull mechanical rogues, whoſe thoughts never wander